

ussion and rescued me by clapping her hands and shoutng to the assembly: "Mademoiselle has come to posemake a masterpiece for Monsieur Milliere. She is not n exhibition any longer."

All the students were in love with Sarah. It was the ashion, the usual thing, for the students to be in love with ashion, the usual thing, for the students to be in love with we young women at a time—Sarah, the most popular of I models, whose form was "beyond compare," and some ther model not their own. No student ever loved his wn model. He needed at all times some one to whom he ould frankly discuss the joys or the pains of his affection or the other two, and his own model would always be the proper one to hear these confidences, while she posed for im or lunched with him at midday, and to give consolaion or congratulation accordingly as one or the other ere needed.

And then no model liked particularly in this gay Quarter to be in love with the artist or student who most requently employed her, for almost the same set of reaons. He would be the only one in whom she might conconfidant, the models reserve their employers for frank ittle talks about their sweethearts, and find the sweet-

earts themselves in other studios.

But whereas the little models could boast but one love, ne king of her heart for the moment, the students boldly pasted of the perennial two-the temporary one and Ille. Sarah.

And yet, at that time when I was a guest of the warter, Mile. Sarah had just won a new fame-an unying renown that won her attention throughout the naion, even in places where the mention of an artist's model has an indiscretion. A yearly meeting of the grave and lignified masters of the French Academy—the Society of Immortals, had been held, and, after long consideras of the merits of countless maidens throughout the and, the members of the august body had duly an-counced, with long, grandiloquent proclamations on red ealed parchment that Mademoiselle Sarah Brown, of he Rue Fromentin, by occupation a modele d'ensemble, ad been swarded the Montyon prize for virtue!

I was told that when that announcement was given the press there was almost a revolution in France. refects, notaries, peasant husbands and peasant wives—
il the people of the provinces and the dwellers in the xclusive sections beyond the boulevards of the capital ere indignant. The Academy had mocked the nation, as the righteous cry—giving the famous prize for virto an artists' model in the very face of millions of naidens whose modesty at least was certain!

But in the Latin Quarter it was different. A student into the studio in which Mlle. Sarah was posing at time for an elderly artist, who was himself, because of prious medals won at many exhibitions, a member of Academy, with the first news-he had seen it on the ewspaper bulletin. Another student followed in his eks and another and another. Soon the quiet, luxurious udio of the revered master was crowded with shouting, nging, dancing art students, who, at another time, would ave kissed his feet had he but condescended to look their vay. Now this hysterical crowd paid no attention to and out of every studio in the Quarter-down each side street, into each little cafe and over the tables on each sidewalk restaurant. It was not long before five thousand students, artists and models were in the throng. Some one suggested the winner of the prize for virtue be carried direct to the Tuilleries itself, that the President of the Republic might have the honor of saluting the young woman whom the country's Immortals had declared to be his most virtuous countrywoman. It was too good a suggestion to be ignored. So Sarah was carried, still undraped as she had been when the students picked her up, to the Tuilleries gate-with all pedestrian Paris crowding as close as it could to the heroine of the extraordinary

Of course, the President would not come out. The soldiers did, however, and drove the students away-back to the Quarter. There they put Mile. Sarah atop a cafe table, which they pulled into the middle of the street, and clamored at her until she made a speech. And what she said became a tradition of the studios:

Whatever prize my virtue has won belongs not to me, but to the artists before whom I must case aside

The Montyon prize which had been awarded to Mile. Sarah is one of the most interesting prerogatives of the French Academy. It is an endowment left by a noted Frenchman many years ago, its income to be given each year to the maiden whose virtue shall be deemed by the members of the Academy most worthy in all France to be thus honored.

Throughout the year names of Young women whose friends deem their modesty, deportment and victory over temptation worthy of such extraordinary notice are sent to the Academy secretary. Questionnaires are then sent out for these friends to fill in. Investigators look into the circumstances of all-who seem to deserve scrutiny for the prize, and then the mass of reports is submitted to the great Academicians. What the process of elimination is remains a secret of the Immortals, but each year some maiden is made famous and happy by being pronounced the most virtuous young woman in the Republic-and with the honor goes a small annuity.

So the Latin Quarter—the home of festivities in which conventions are a thing unknown, where a young woman who seeks a livelihood by making possible the work of painters and sculptors must first of all put aside all modesty and reserve, was justified indeed in celebrating for a solid week of days and nights the first time-and probably the last an artists' model ever won the Montyon prize.

Of course, Mile. Sarah was the exception in the gay district where nearly all of the world's great artists spend at least a part of their younger days. In France it is different than over here—a difference, however, largely of viewpoint. Any model who survives the temptations which confront one in her profession must be of strong determination and very beautiful of character, unless in America she is so fortunate as to have been cast among the truly sincere artists whose attention is given mostly to their work and whose ambitions and ideals are a part of their art. In Paris the majority of such artists as these have their own models who pose for them season after

for the studio, or those whose dissipations soon will ruin their figure and bring that hardness into their eyes and faces which artists cannot accept, and those who will remain posing year after year until too much flesh comes or until a sweetheart becomes a husband. Each of these classes regards the other with astonishment and wonders how it can be so foolish. There is almost the same division in America.

It was during this stay in Paris—a stay prolonged by M. Milliere, who copied me in many drypoints, and by M. Camille Doucet, who did a painting of me for the private collection in the palace of the President of Portugal, that I first met artists seriously engaged in that strange phantasy of art-Cubism.

Perhaps many of my readers have stood in wonder before a colorful painting in which there is a conglomeration of lights and shadows, with distorted landscapes or human forms and faces drawn in angles, squares, and straight lines or distorted curves, and pondered over the possible meaning of the artist's delineations. To be told that such a canvas, which seems to represent nothing at all but a meaningless mass of colors, is the "portrait of a lady" or "a man with a mustard pot" only adds to the mystery.

In the studio of one French sculptor, who was quite famous then, I watched while he modeled a Venus de. Milo in clay. Before him he had a copy of the original statue. But where my eye saw a beautiful, shapely shoulder, he seemed to see only square surface; where I saw a delicately traced neck, he saw a rectangle, and was modelfing it in this shape. It was the first time I had seen a "Cubist" at work. Since then there have been many "Cubist" exhibitions in New York and in other large cities in the United States, and for a time there was a great deal of interest displayed in these odd works of

In America, as in France, Cubism, Futurism, Impressionism and other art isms have become quite a fad. Of course, I think these "new" artists are just crazy persons capitalizing their insanities. Some of the reproductions on this page will almost prove it.

To these Cubists and Futurists a woman's body is not a thing of flesh and curves and tapering lines, but a mass of square and oblong blocks. They say we who see a woman as does the average person are not seeing a thing. as it really is, but only as it seems to be. Ancient Romans, say the Cubists, learned to draw and model by resolving every part of the body into angles and cubes. A curved shoulder blade, for instance, they found to be a myriad of minute flat surfaces joined together—the prettier the shoulder the smaller the flat surfaces. They began by summing up these flat surfaces into larger blocks and making their elemental pictures and statues out of them. They learned later, these first artists, to transform the surfaces into curves and lines, and thus began to give huma nand inanimate figures photographic representation. The "new" artists, Cubists and their ilk, declare the

improvement was all wrong—that the true portrait of a woman is an arrangement of her blocks and squares and angles of which she is composed. Only by thus separating her component parts, they say, can a woman, or any

"When the Model Sees Herself as the Cubist Sees Her."-One of the merry cartoons with which the French weeklies poke fun at the new school of artists. We can imagine what happens in the next cartoon, because this little model evidently is very daring and the artist's nose is just the shape to be flattened by the handy palette.

other object, be artistically pictured. Then they portray, these artists claim, what the eye actually sees-its impression as well as what it photographs. Of course, this is mostly jargon—and so is their "new" art, I think.

The charming Mile. Zina Brozia, of the Paris Grand

Opera, one of the beauties of Paris, thought the same as do, when a Cubist Impressionist completed the portrait of her reproduced on this page. She hurried right to court and asked the judges to prevent the artist from showing the picture. The artist, Meizinger, well known in America, declared his portrait was a truthful impression of Mile. Brozia—that he had painted just what the eye sees when it looks at mademoiselle; that what he painted was the sum of what would be remembered of mademoiselle when she passed out of vision. The courts refused to give a decision upon such a delicate contro-

The Impressionist who copied Konti's "Mother and Child," for which I posed, declared Mr. Konti's statue all wrong."

"Who," said the other artist, "thinks of a mother and child without at once visioning in his mind the father of the child-and, since the father is not there, the mind's eye reproduces him vaguely, necessarily a distorted vision. Therefore in a statue of a mother and child the father should, vaguely, be there also, for that is what the mental eye sees. And since the mind's eye is struggling to vision the unseen father it cannot give undivided attention to the mother and child actually there; hence these two also are a blurred vision—just an impression. So, reasons this artist, the entire group must be represented, not as they actually are, but as the mental eye, looking through the physical eye, sees them. But who will not say Konti's conception the more beautiful?